

MARVEL

BENDIS • HICKMAN • SPENCER • PICHELLI • LARocca • CRAIN

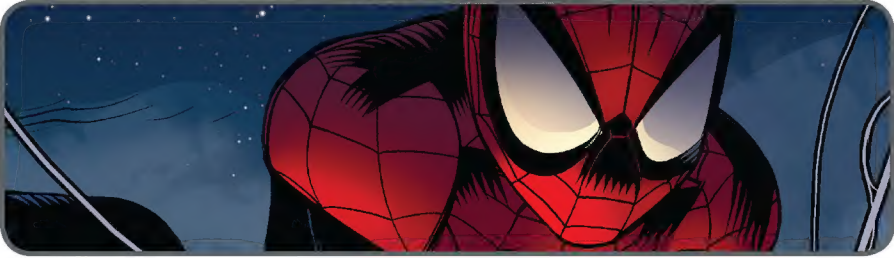
LIMITED SERIES
4 OF 6

ULTIMATE FALLOUT

SPIDER-MAN NO MORE



The bite of a genetically altered spider granted high-school student Peter Parker incredible arachnid-like powers. When a burglar killed his beloved Uncle Ben, a grief-stricken Peter vowed to use his amazing abilities to protect his fellow man. He learned the invaluable lesson that with great power there must also come great responsibility.



PREVIOUSLY:

Peter Parker died heroically at the hands of Norman Osborn, a.k.a. the Green Goblin, in the arms of his one true love Mary Jane and the woman who raised him, Aunt May.

Devastated by the sudden loss, citizens and heroes alike must learn to cope in a world without Spider-Man, a world now shrouded with uncertainty...



ULTIMATE FALLOUT

CHAPTER FOUR OF SIX

SPIDER-MAN

Writer Brian Michael Bendis	Artist Sara Pichelli	Colorist Justin Ponsor
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REED RICHARDS

Writer Jonathan Hickman	Artist Salvador Larroca	Colorist Frank D'Armata
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VALERIE COOPER

Writer Nick Spencer	Artist Clayton Crain
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Letterers VC's Cory Petit & Clayton Cowles	Cover Art Mark Bagley, Andy Lanning & Justin Ponsor	Variant Cover Marko Djurdjevic	Assistant Editor Sana Amanat
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Senior Editor Mark Paniccia	Editor in Chief Axel Alonso	Chief Creative Officer Joe Quesada	Publisher Dan Buckley	Executive Producer Alan Fine
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Thanks to Joe Sabino

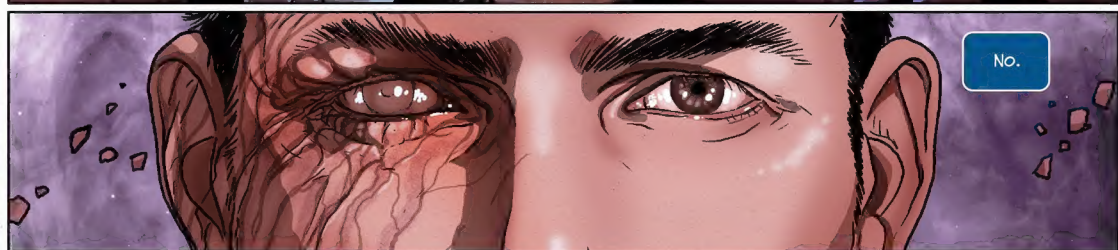
Then. The Negative Zone.
Where The Heroes Of Earth Defeated
Reed Richards After He Went Mad.

So...how
did we find
ourselves in
this place?

It's simple,
really. It can all
be reduced to
two things:

Life and
death...

...And
mostly the
part about
dying.



No.



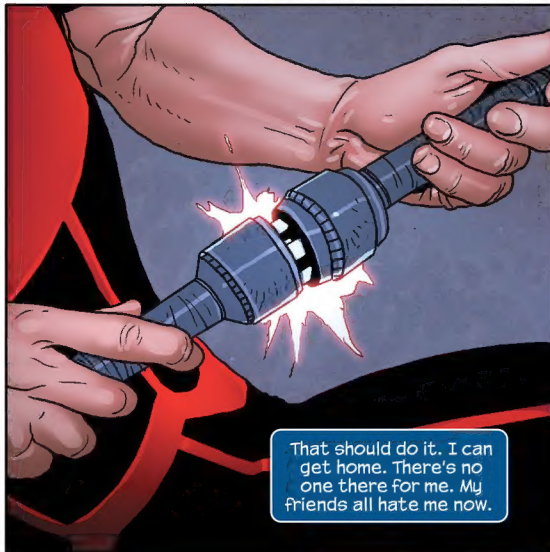
There. The way home.



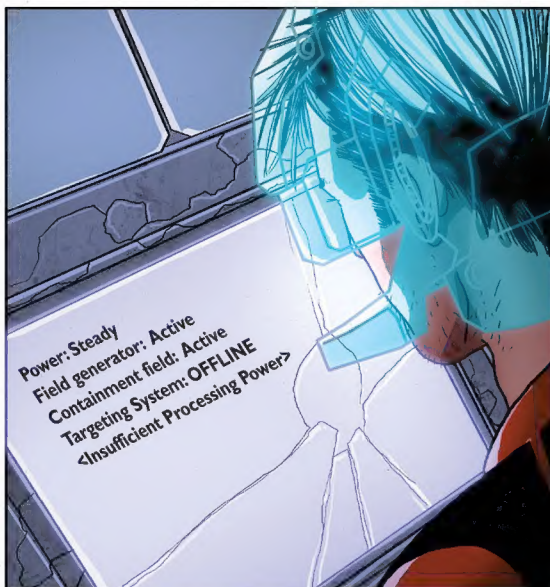
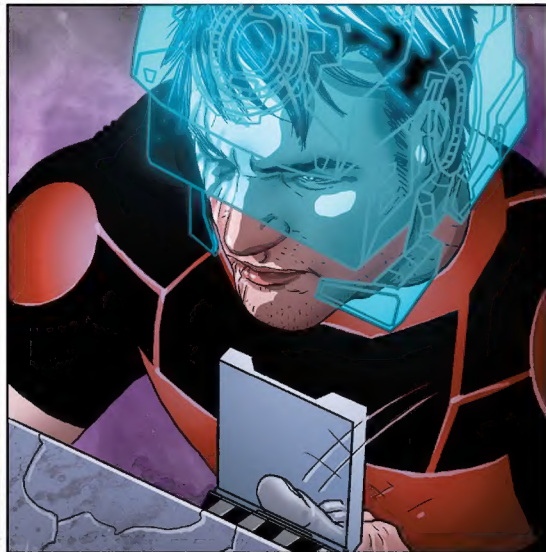
Power should be no problem. I need a containment field. Why couldn't they understand?



Don't they see? The world has it wrong. This is the wrong piece. I need to stabilize the beam. Narrow the focus.



That should do it. I can get home. There's no one there for me. My friends all hate me now.




Power: Steady
Field generator: Active
Containment field: OFFLINE
Targeting System: OFFLINE
<Insufficient Processing Power>




I'm sorry, Ben.


SMMAASSH!!



I'm going to die here. If I could get home I could save everyone. But now there's no way. The computer can't target a location from an almost infinite number of variables. The computer doesn't have enough processing power.

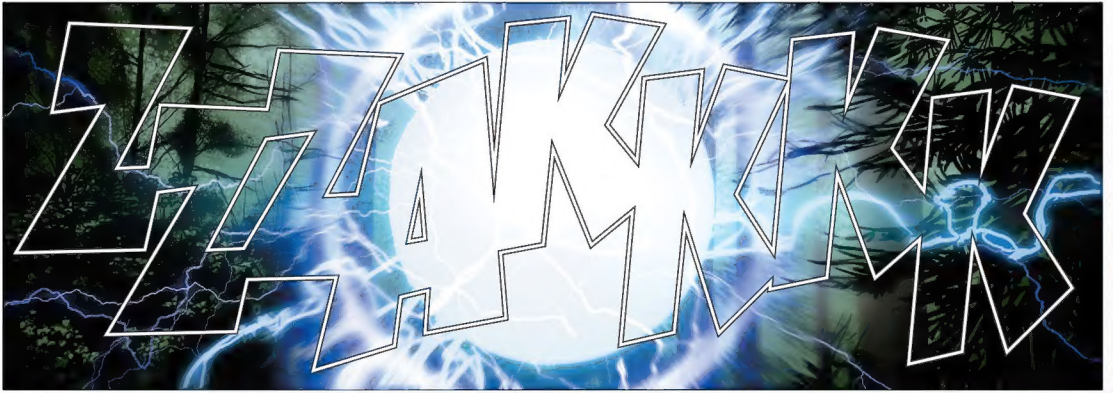


The computer doesn't have enough brains.



I'm going to do it. I'm going to show everyone. No. No. This is not about pride. I'm going to show them because I have to. I'm going to save them. I'm going to fix what's wrong.

**Targeting System: ONLINE
>>>READY TO JUMP.**



Now.

And we'll
begin here...
with you and
me.

We're
going to have
a new focus for
my ongoing and
never-ending
education.

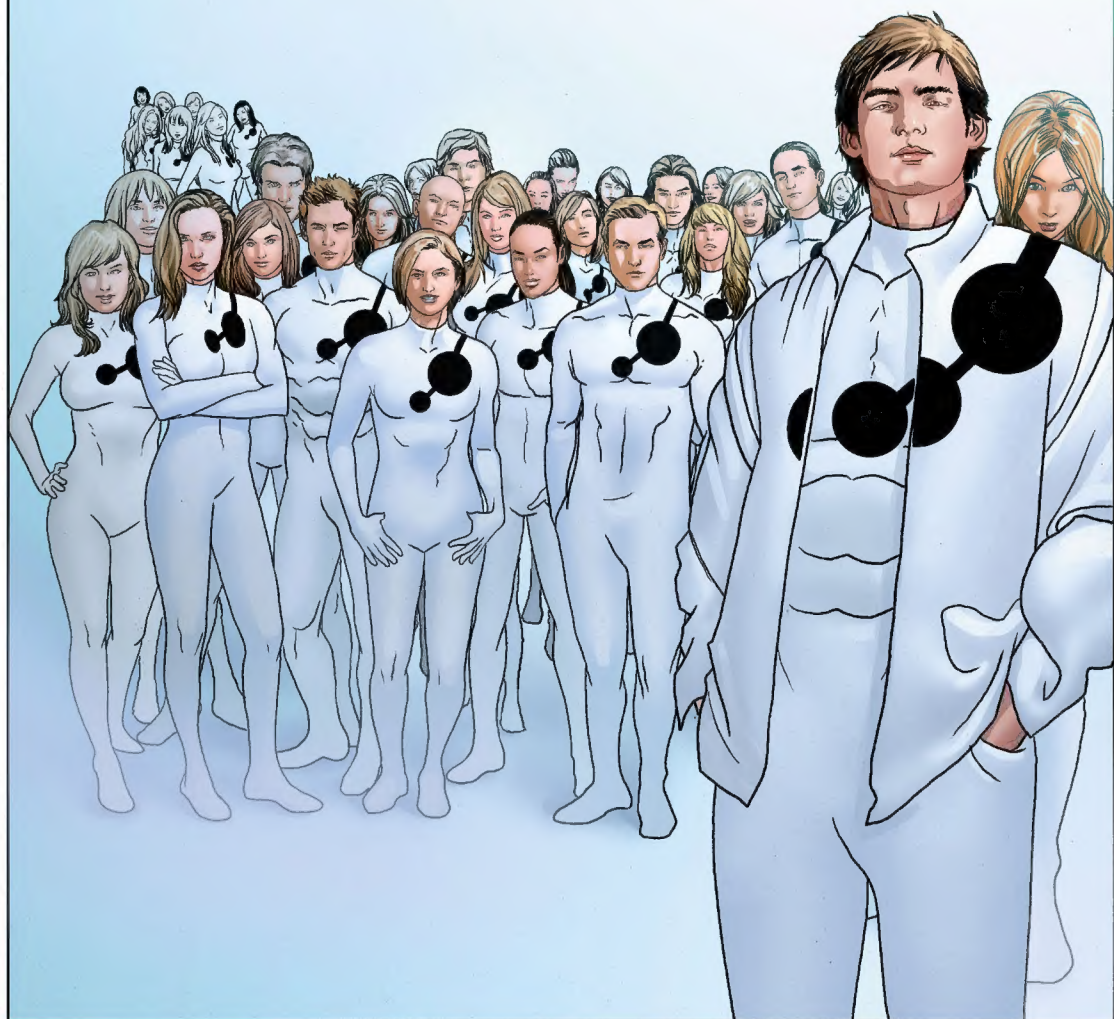
The experiment
will start with
survival and end
on a millennial
tomorrow.

My
rules are
simple...

In the
dome, it's
evolve
or become
extinct.

Welcome
children...

Welcome to tomorrow.



I'm sorry.

Most of you are not going to make it.





Washington D.C.

I'm Special Advisor to the president on Superhuman and Mutant Affairs. *Of course* I've met him.

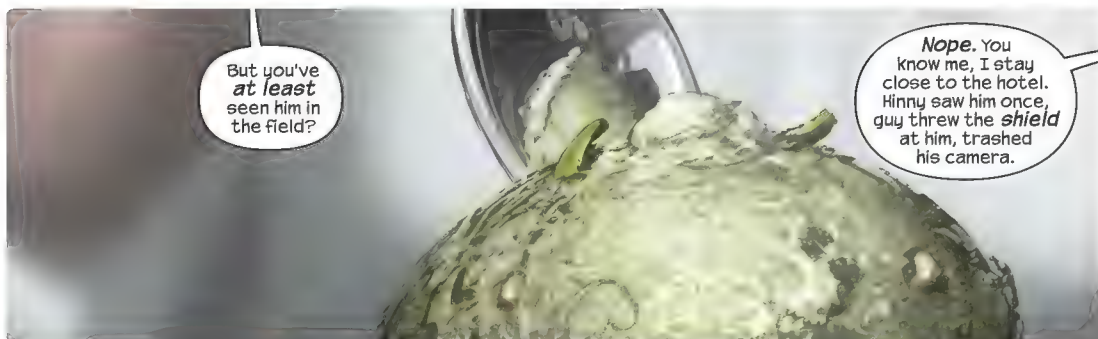
You're a foreign affairs correspondent-- how have you not met him?

He doesn't like to do interviews.



But you've *at least* seen him in the field?

Nope. You know me, I stay close to the hotel. Hinny saw him once, guy threw the *shield* at him, trashed his camera.



You're making that up.

Heh.

I'm sure it was an accident. Good God, this pistachio ice cream, you *have* to try it--



Maybe in a minute.

So is *this* why we're getting coffee? You want an interview with *Captain America*? He's not gonna want to talk about this Spider-kid thing.

I was in *Vancouver* over the weekend, Val.

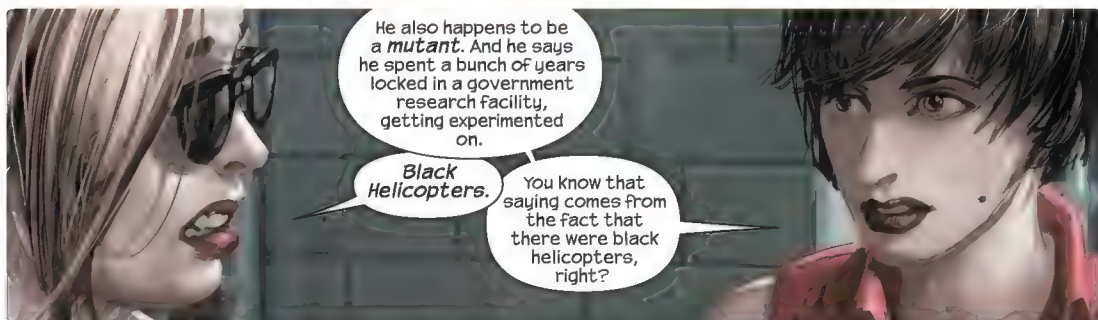


Can you believe they film all those TV shows there? It doesn't look *anything* like New York.

Hm. No. There was an old man living up there, *burn victim*. Really ghastly. Just got diagnosed with terminal cancer, said he wanted to get his story out before he passed. Said he's tired of lying to the grandkids.



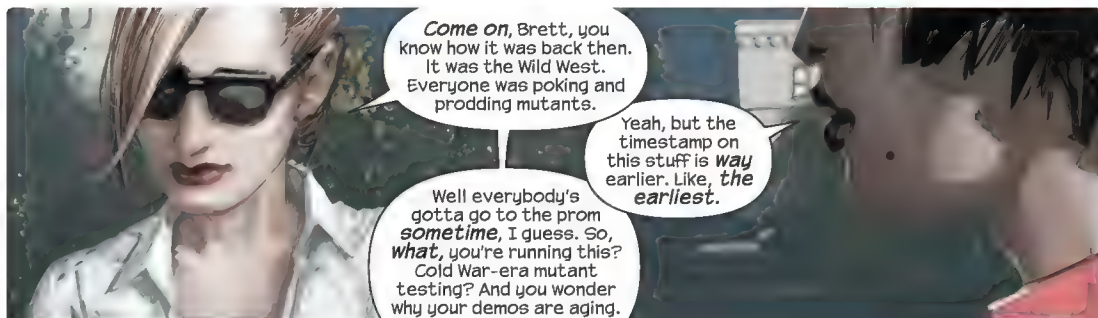
This some kind of human interest thing? I didn't know you had a soul. *Seriously*, you should try this--



He also happens to be a *mutant*. And he says he spent a bunch of years locked in a government research facility, getting experimented on.

Black Helicopters.

You know that saying comes from the fact that there were black helicopters, right?



Come on, Brett, you know how it was back then. It was the Wild West. Everyone was poking and prodding mutants.

Yeah, but the timestamp on this stuff is *way* earlier. Like, *the earliest*.

Well everybody's gotta go to the prom *sometime*, I guess. So, *what*, you're running this? Cold War-era mutant testing? And you wonder why your demos are aging.



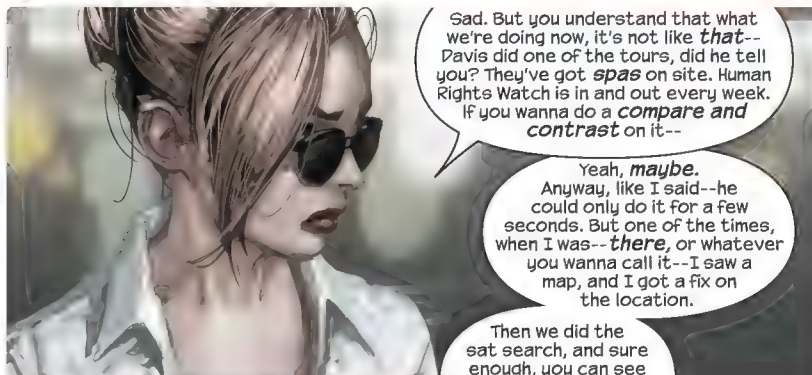
Besides, how do you know this guy's not nuts? Has he got any souvenirs left over from his time in Area 51b?

He doesn't need to. The guy has the most incredible ability--a kind of psychic *gift*--he can share his memories with you. Like, take you *back* with him.

Wow.



Now, he's pretty old, and weak, but *still*--he could do it for a couple seconds at a time. And I gotta tell you, what I saw when he *did*--enough to make *Amanpour* curl up in a ball.

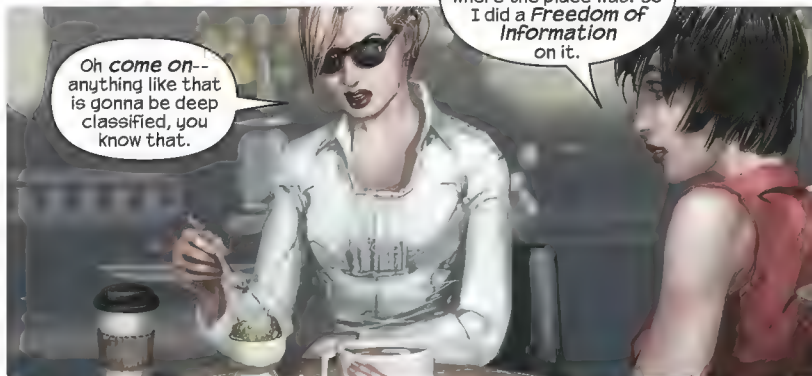


Sad. But you understand that what we're doing now, it's not like *that*--Davis did one of the tours, did he tell you? They've got *spas* on site. Human Rights Watch is in and out every week. If you wanna do a *compare and contrast* on it--

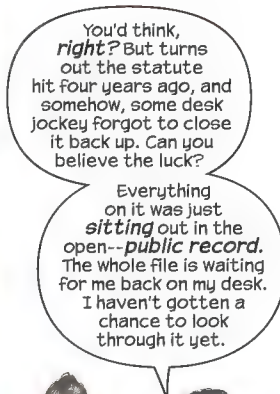
Yeah, *maybe*.

Anyway, like I said--he could only do it for a few seconds. But one of the times, when I was--*there*, or whatever you wanna call it--I saw a map, and I got a fix on the location.

Then we did the sat search, and sure enough, you can see where the place was. So I did a *Freedom of Information* on it.

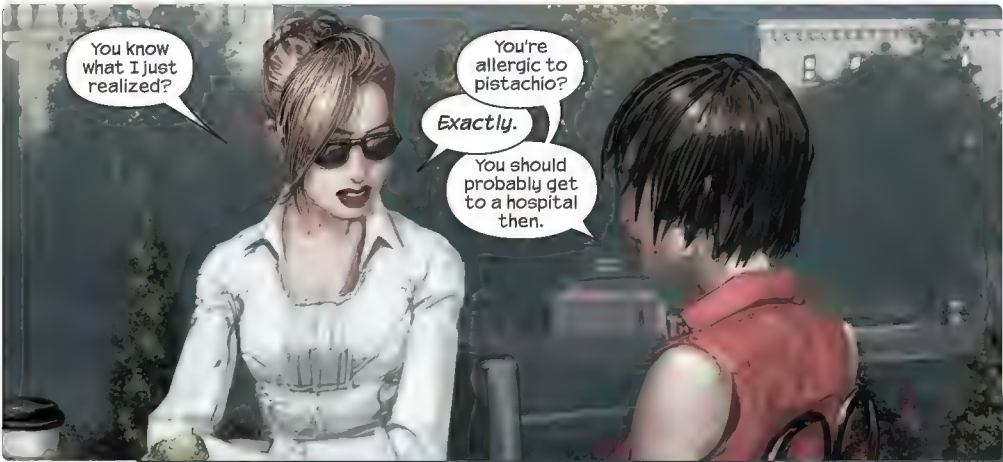


Oh *come on*--anything like that is gonna be deep classified, you know that.



You'd think, *right*? But turns out the statute hit four years ago, and somehow, some desk jockey forgot to close it back up. Can you believe the luck?

Everything on it was just *sitting* out in the open--*public record*. The whole file is waiting for me back on my desk. I haven't gotten a chance to look through it yet.





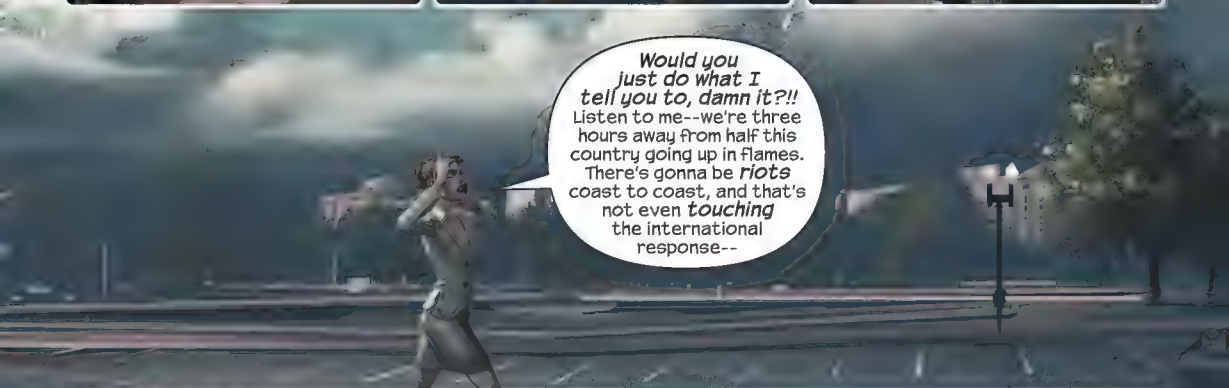
It's
Valerie Cooper.
Where is he?



Well, *pull him out of it*. Get him on the phone with the Attorney General-- there's going to be an independent counsel on this, we need to be ready. And C.O.S. needs to start calling the governors, we want all national guard units on alert. *Then--*



Shut up, let me finish--we need the networks, no later than *eight*. Phil's gonna have to work something up-- "what began as a noble *experiment*, words cannot express, full responsibility, *violence* is not the answer"--




Would you just do what I tell you to, damn it?!! Listen to me--we're three hours away from half this country going up in flames. There's gonna be *riots* coast to coast, and that's not even *touching* the international response--



The entire world's about to find out The United States government created mutants.

To Be Continued...



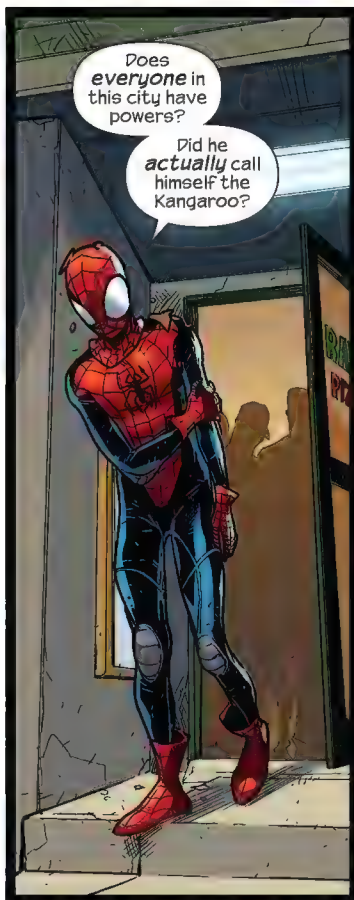
A comic book panel showing Spider-Man in his red and blue suit crouching on the side of a dark-colored car. He is looking up at a massive, muscular figure of a cowboy. The cowboy is wearing a red cowboy hat with a black band, a long brown poncho, and red jeans. He is holding a large, glowing orange and yellow flame-like object. The background is a brick building with a window. Spider-Man has three speech bubbles.

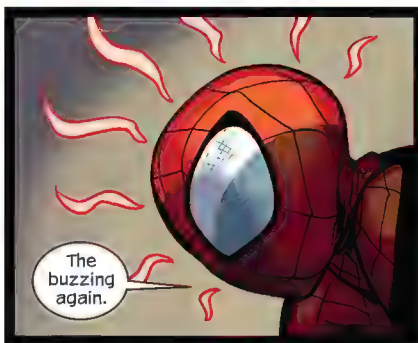
I think an
apology of
some sort
is due.

To
all of us,
really.

We'll
wait.











NEXT ISSUE



Enjoyed **ULTIMATE COMICS FALLOUT #4?**



ULTIMATE COMICS FALLOUT #5

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